



NO. 25
SEPT.
CDC

ONLY
20¢

THE FLINTSTONES & PEBBLES

The *all new* FLINTSTONES

and PEBBLES a Hanna-Barbera Production



100745

The FLINTSTONES IN

The Joggin' Mole

WILMA, SOMETHING'S GOT TO
BE DONE ABOUT THAT MOLE...
HE'S RUINED OUR LAWN!

GWEN KRAUSE / RAY DIRGO

THEN DO
SOMETHING ABOUT
IT, FRED!



I'LL SET A TRAP
AND CATCH THAT
PESKY LITTLE
CRITTER!

AHHH
HERE HE
COMES NOW!



D-5307

IF HE WOULDN'T
ZIG-ZAG SO,
I COULD...

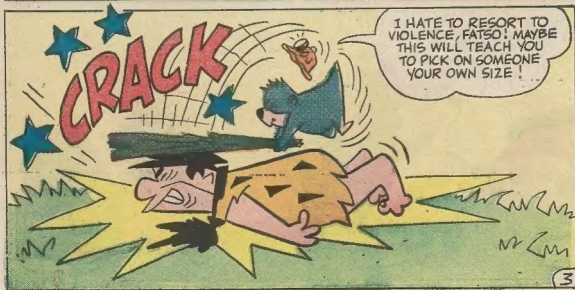
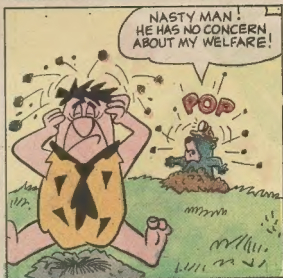


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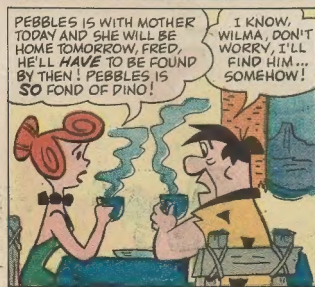
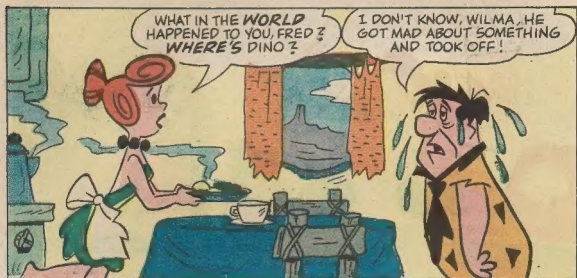


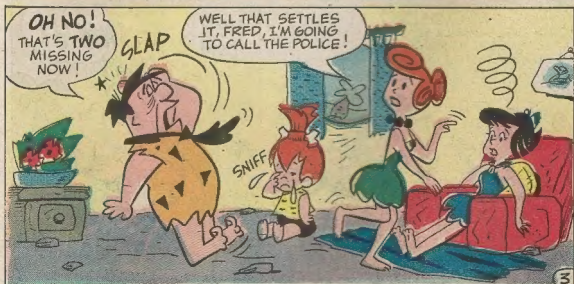
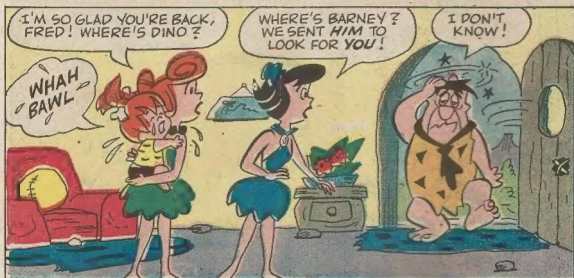


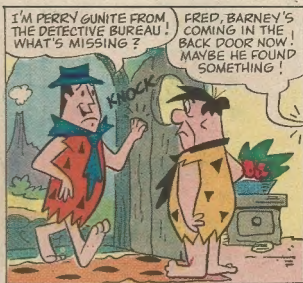


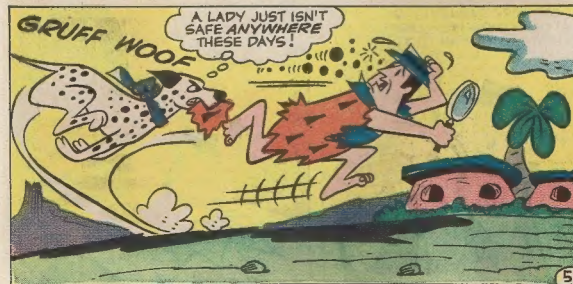
The Flintstones in Spots, Dots & Pans

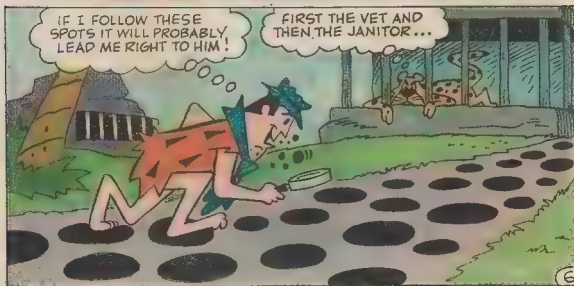
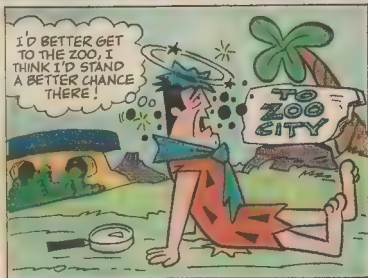
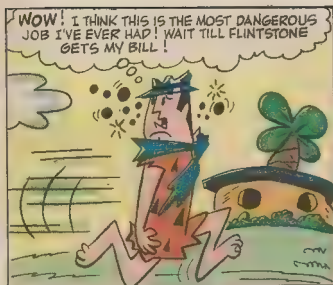


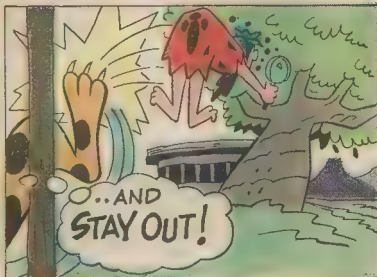
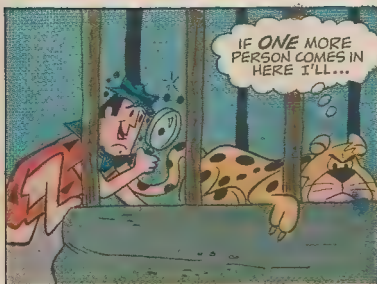


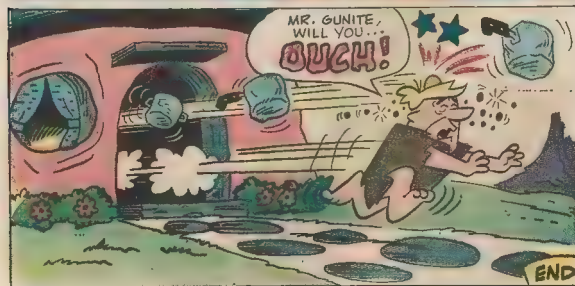
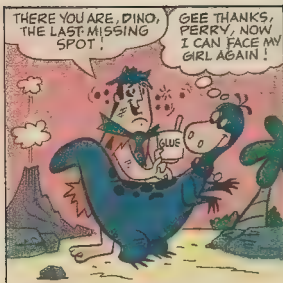












The FLINTSTONES IN

NOT SO WINNING NUMBER!

HERE YOU ARE, MR. STONE,
TWO DOLLARS FOR TWO
LOTTERY TICKETS!

GOOD LUCK TO YOU,
FRED, HOPE YOU
WIN THE BIG ONE!

LAST WEEK'S
WINNING NUMBER

000002

BEDROCK LOTTERY
WEEKLY DRAW

GIVEN
KRAUSE
RAY
DIRGO

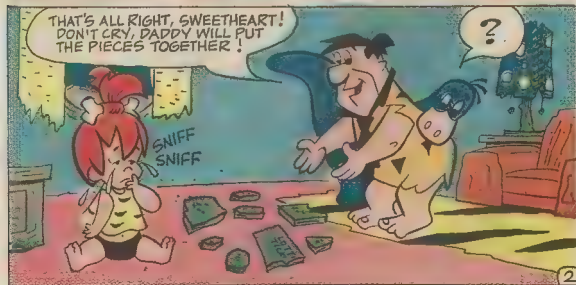
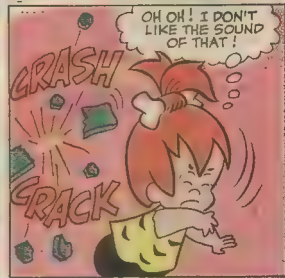
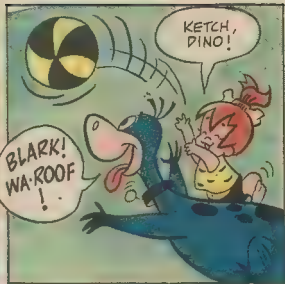
I'M HOME, WILMA!
HI, SWEETHEART, BEEN
A GOOD GIRL FOR MOMMY
TODAY?

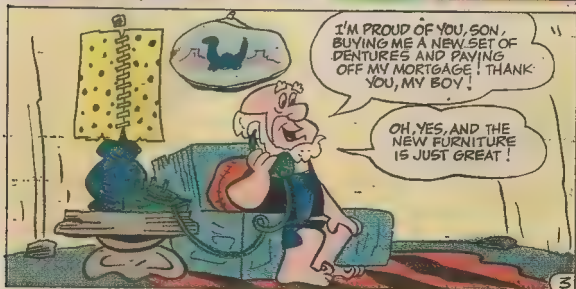
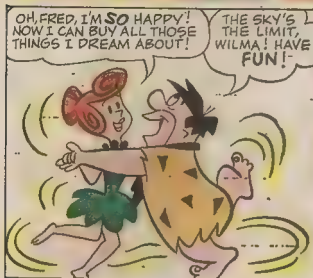
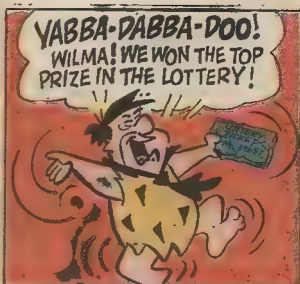
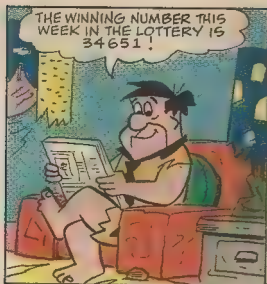
SMACK

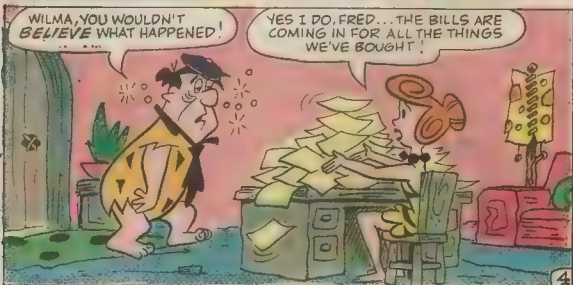
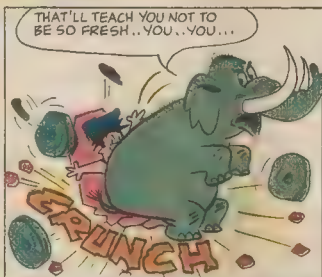
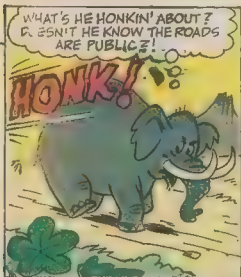
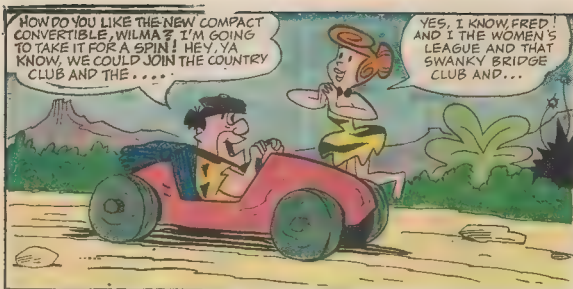
MMMM
GOO!

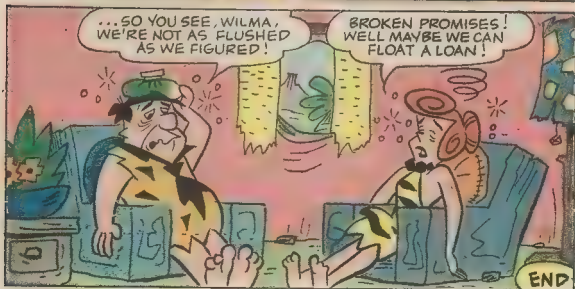
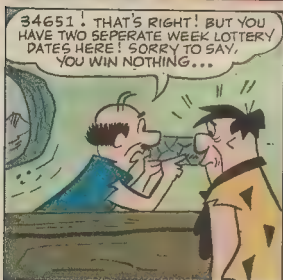
CLANK

KLUNK









HA! HA HA! HA BONERS, MOANERS, AND GROANERS! HA! HA HA HA!

For more than thirty years I have taught these darling little children in the grade schools. It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, these little kids will give you unusual answers. The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know: And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

I figure this one was all my fault. My lesson plan called for: Explain the flower dandelion. Bring one to class if possible. Show it has deeply toothed or notched leaves and golden yellow flowers. Point out some people to go to a public area or park where they are grown. And gather them. To actually cook and eat them. Point out big danger, insecticide on them.

Had I just written "dandelion" on the blackboard there would have been no problem at all. I pronounced the word. Then asked who could tell me something about it. No sooner had I finished speaking than Morris jumped up from his seat. Waving his hand madly.

"I know about it. Everything. Let me answer, please teacher."

So I told Morris to come up to the front of the room and face the class. This is what he told the students.

"Last Sunday my father took me to the circus. I saw a dandy lion. He was the king of the jungle. And he knew it. See, the trainer had fixed him up swell. Like a dandy. He was so proud and friendly. But of course they kept him in his cage."

New what was I to do? Tell Morris he was all wrong? I had to use some common sense. So I thanked him for his informing the class about the lion. Gave him a mark of 100%. Which made him very happy. And decided that the dandelion could wait for some other period of teaching.

Once a year I was bound to get a student like Julius. We say he "has swallowed the dictionary." He looks up a word in the dictionary. Let us say he is certain that teacher doesn't know the definition of this word. Then he will raise his hand during the English lesson. And ask teacher to explain it. He is going to show teacher

up! If it happens in the morning session, then I know what to do. Tell him I have to hurry with the lesson. Will take it up later. So during my lunch period I can rush to the school library and look it up.

That term I had Jimmy. A duplicate of Julius. But he was cured at once. Through the cooperation of his father. My phone rang about 9 in the evening. Mr. Thomas Henderson was speaking to me. I was Jimmy's teacher? Jimmy was getting ready to pull a fast one on me. And father thought Jimmy needed a good lesson. If I would cooperate? What was it Jimmy planned to do in my class.

"He has looked up the word fosse and its variation fossa in our big unabridged dictionary," said Mr. Henderson to me. "He plans to ask you what the word means. Catch you and show to the class that teacher doesn't know everything. About time my son had a lesson in life. Get a pencil and a sheet of paper. I will dictate to you. So you will be ahead of him."

The next morning was a pleasant one. The students hung up their coats in the clothing closet. Then I took attendance. We had 100% present. First lesson was history. Second was English. And Jimmy raised his hand. I recognized him.

"What does the word fosse mean?" he asked with such a nice look of innocence on his face.

And just then the assistant principal walked into my room via the back door. Sat down to observe my lesson.

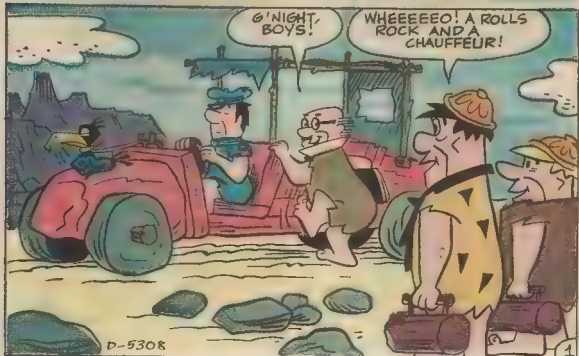
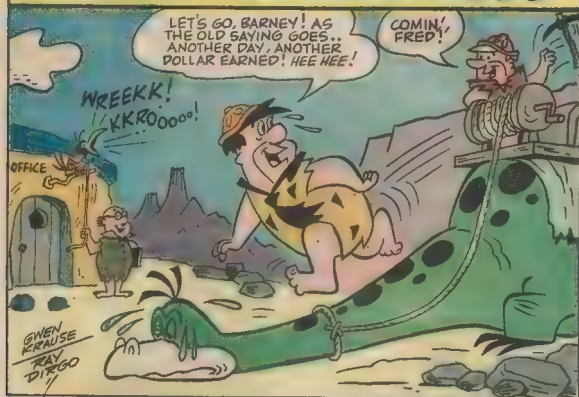
"Fosse is a moat or defensive ditch in fortification. It is usually filled with water. It also means any ditch, trench, or canal. Observe how I pronounce it: FOS. There is a similar word spelled fossa. It means a pit, cavity or depression in a bone. It comes from the latin. And as you can see, the words are related. Both mean a depression or pit. In Spanish you will find the word: Fosa. It means a grave or tomb. It also means fosse. But if you mean in Spanish a pit or hole dug in the ground, the word is Foso."

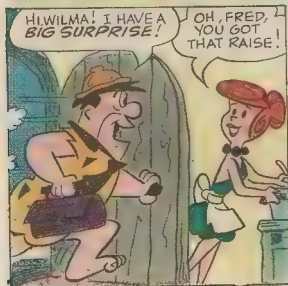
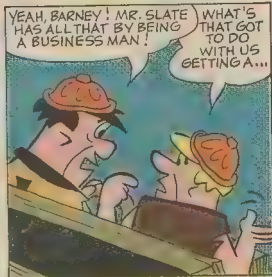
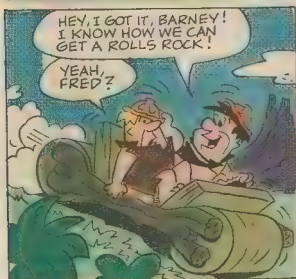
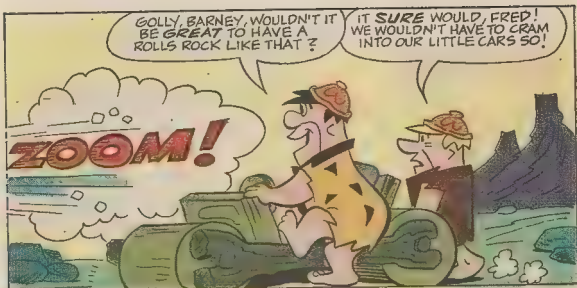
You should have seen the look of surprise on Jimmy's face as he spoke to me.

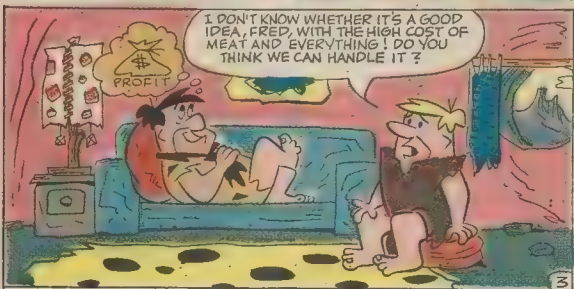
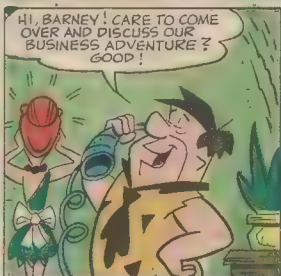
"Gee, Peter is right. You do know everything."

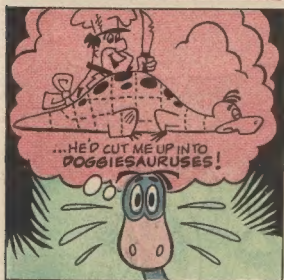
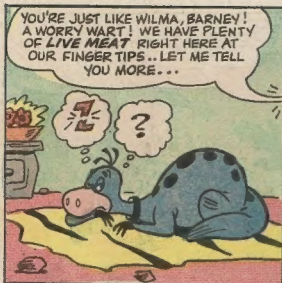
P.S. The assistant principal liked that lesson. Next time more about what happens in a school and in my class.

The FLINTSTONES in IN·AND·OUT OF BUSINESS









HEY, FRED, IF THINGS GO GOOD
MAYBE WE COULD EXPAND TO
CORNER BRONTOSAURUS HASH!

THINK BIG, BARNEY! HOW ABOUT
PTERODACTYL-UNDER-GLASS
WITH ROCKFRUIT DESSERT HA HA HA!



DINO HAS
SOMETHING!



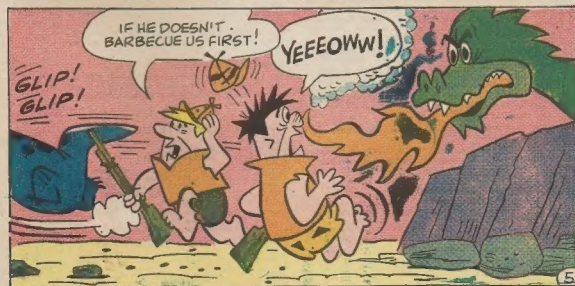
IT'S A FIRE-BREATHING
DRAGONASAURUS!
HEY-HEY, HE COULD
DO OUR BARBECUING!



IF HE DOESN'T
BARBECUE US FIRST!

GLIP!
GLIP!

YEEEOWW!



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CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

